

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?  
To rise against your Soueraigne Lord and King,  
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,  
If you forsake this monstrous Rebell heere?  
If honor be the marke whereat you ayme,  
Then hast to France that our fore-fathers won,  
And win againe that thing which now is lost,  
And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.

*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford.

*They forsake Cade*

*Cade.* Why how now, wil you forsake your general,  
And ancient freedome which you haue posselt?  
To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,  
Who if you stir, will straight way hang you vp.  
But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,  
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

*All.* A Cade, a Cade.

*They run to Cade againe.*

*Clif.* Braue warlike friends, heare me but speake,  
Refuse not good whilst it is offered you:  
The King is mercifull, then yeelde to him,  
And I my selfe will go along with you  
To Winsore Castle, whereas the King abides,  
And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

*All.* A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

*Cade.* How like a feather is this rascall company  
Blowne euery way?  
But that they may see there wants no valiancy in me,  
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,  
And so a poxe take you all.

*He runs through them with his staffe,  
and then flies away.*

*Buc.* Go some and make after him, and proclaime,  
That those that can bring the head of Cade,  
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.  
Come march away.

*Exit om.*

*Enter*

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Enter King Henry, and the Queene, and Somerset.*

*King.* Lord Sommerfet, what newes heare you of the Rebell  
Cade?

*Som.* This my gracious Lord, that the Lord Say is done to  
death, and the City is almost sackt.

*King.* Gods will be done, for as he hath decreed, so must it be:  
And be as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.

*Qu.* Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue,  
The Rebell Cade had bene supprest ere this,  
And all the rest that do take part with him.

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham and Clifford, with the Re-  
bels, with balsters about their neckes.*

*Cliff.* Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King:  
Loe heere my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,  
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.

*King.* But tell me Clifford, is their Captaine heere.

*Clif.* No my gracious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamati-  
ons are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head shall haue  
a thousand crownes. But may it please your Maiesty to pardon  
these their faults, that by these traitors means were thus misled.

*King.* Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,  
For you did take in hand you know not what,  
And go in peace obedient to your King,  
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,  
Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English Crowne.

*All.* God saue the King, God saue the King.

*King.* Come let vs hast to London now with speede,  
That solemne processions may be sung,  
In laud and honor of the God of heauen,  
And triumphs of this happy victorie.

*Exit omnes*

*Enter Iacke Cade at one doore, and at the other, M. Alexander  
Eyden and his men, and Iacke Cade lies down pic-  
king of hearbes and eating the m.*

*Eyden.* Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,  
This little land my father left me heere,  
With my contented minde, serues me as well,  
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,

*Not.*